



The ANTS and the GRASSHOPPER.

THE *Ants*, a prudent, painful train,
Brought forth and dry'd their heaps of
grain ;

A *Grasshopper* half starv'd was by,
Who bow'd and beg'd their charity.

To

To whom a hoary Ant reply'd,
In harvest bow's your time apply'd ?
• I sing (the insect said) and play,
• To make the lab'ring *Peasants* gay.
Al, cry'd the Ant,—*How just the chance !*
As then you sung—you now may dance ;
In vain you here for food apply,
I'll feed no idle folks, not I.

MORAL.

He will provide, who thinks aright,
In *Summer's* day, for *Winter's* night.